



ALL NEW STORIES and ART
a Hanna-Barbera Production



THE JETSONS

NO. 9
MAR.
CDC

20¢

THE Jetsons



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RAY
DIRGO

THE JETSONS ⁱⁿ CLOWNIN' AROUND

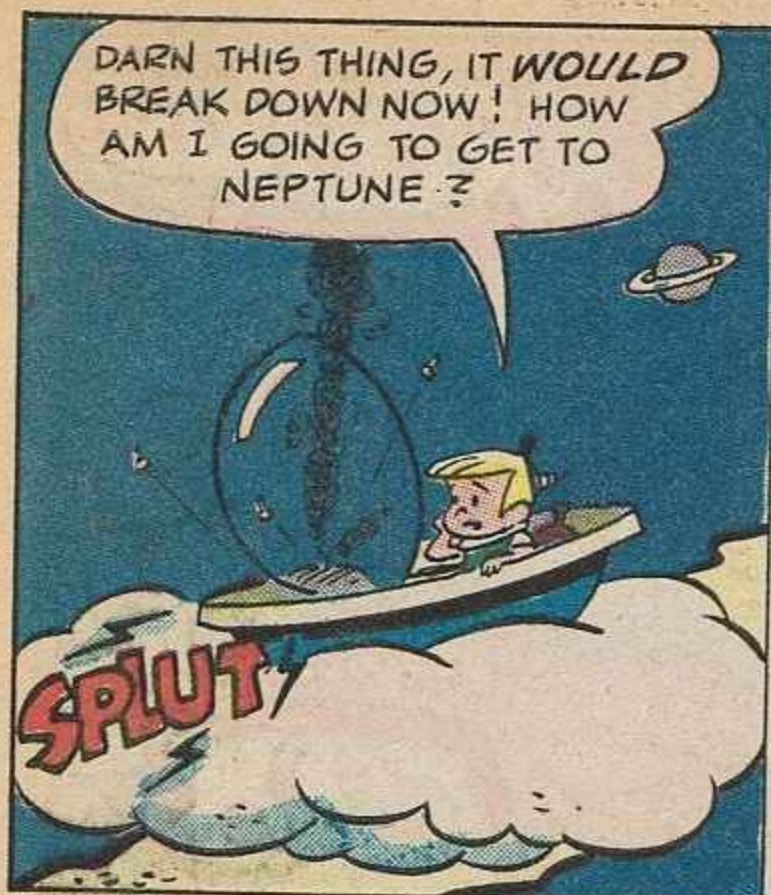


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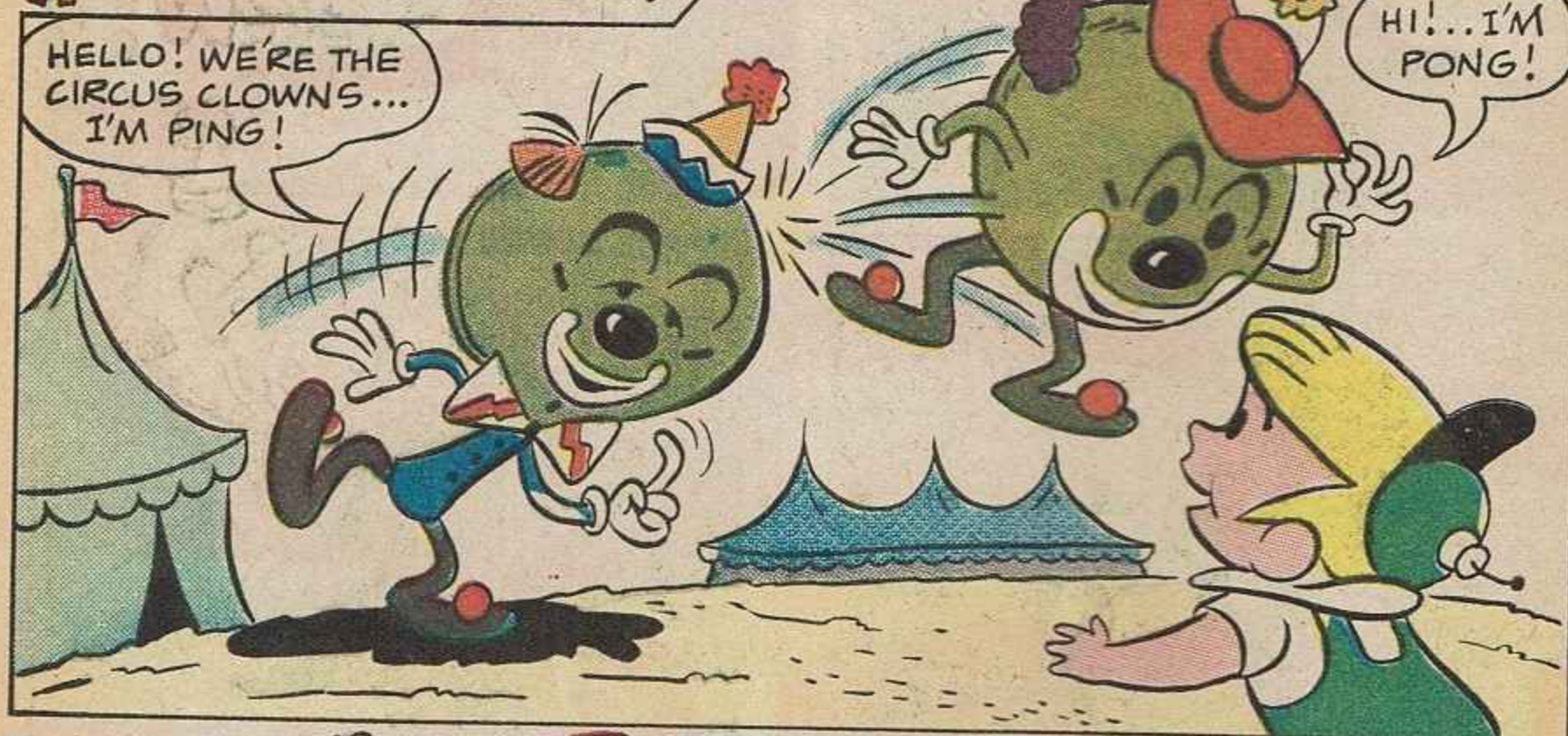
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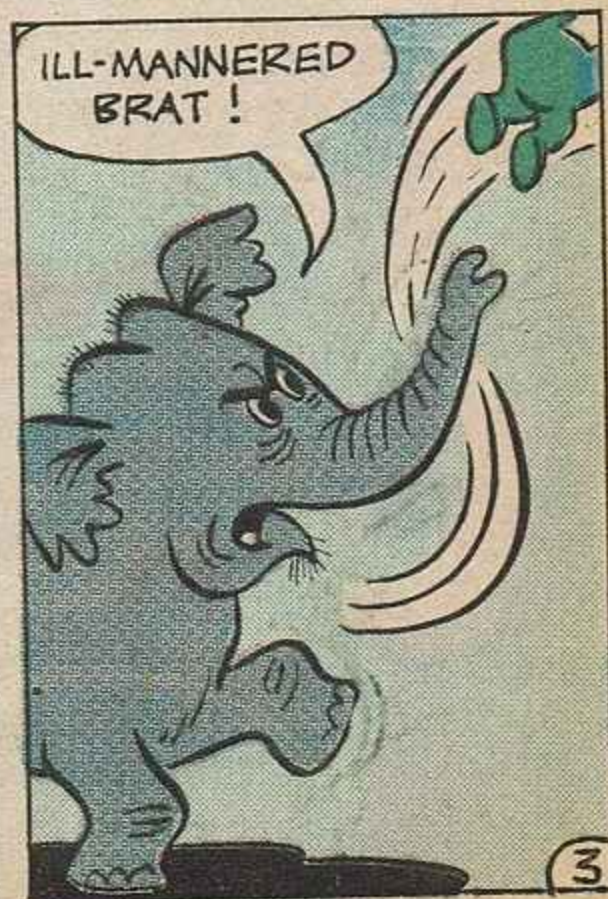
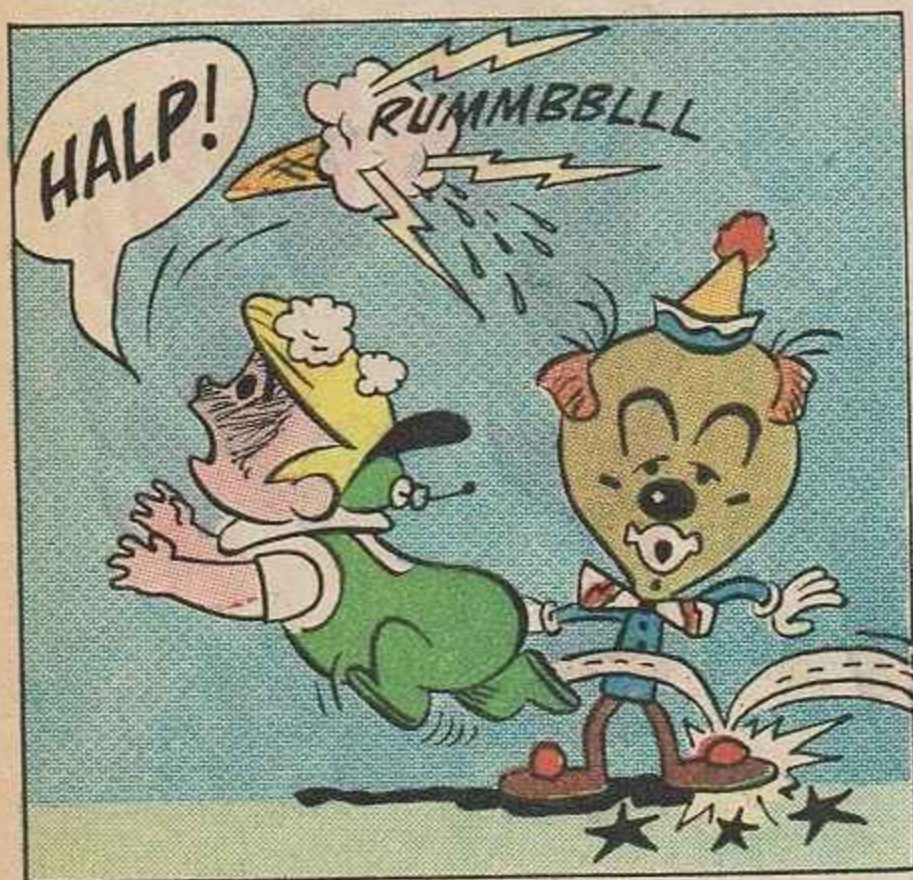
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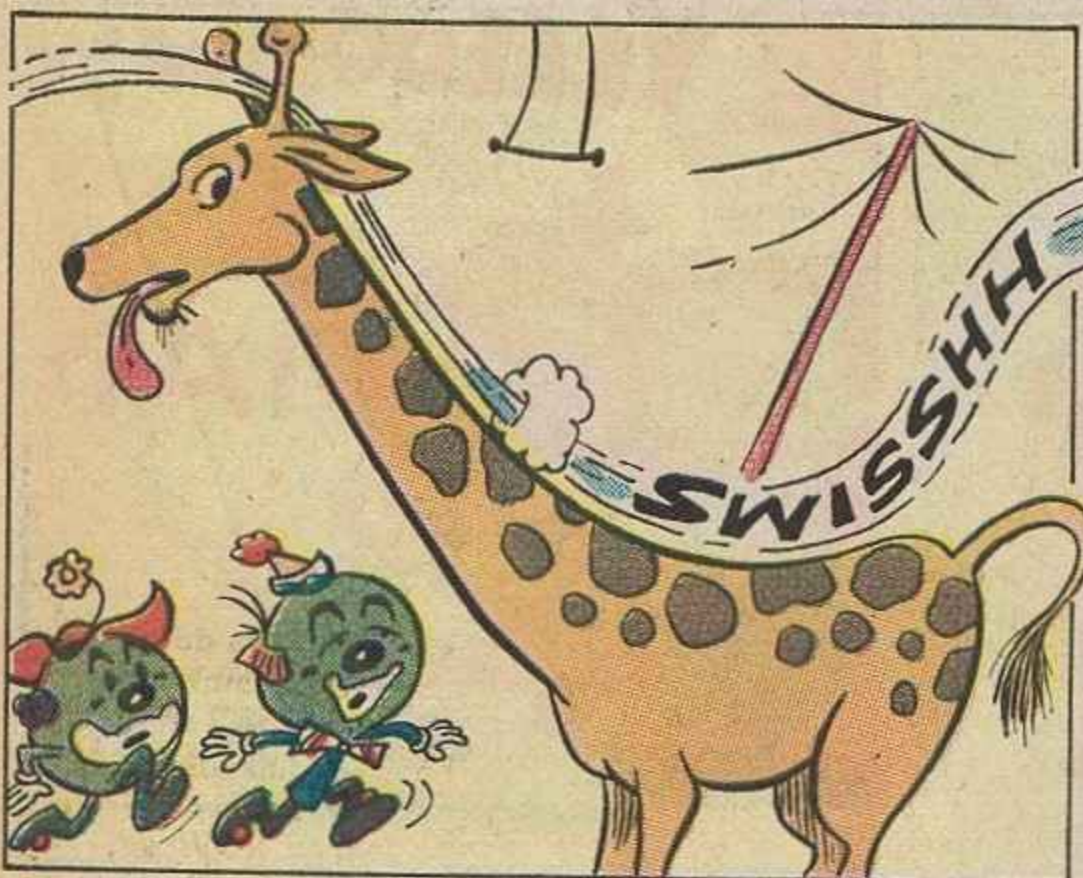
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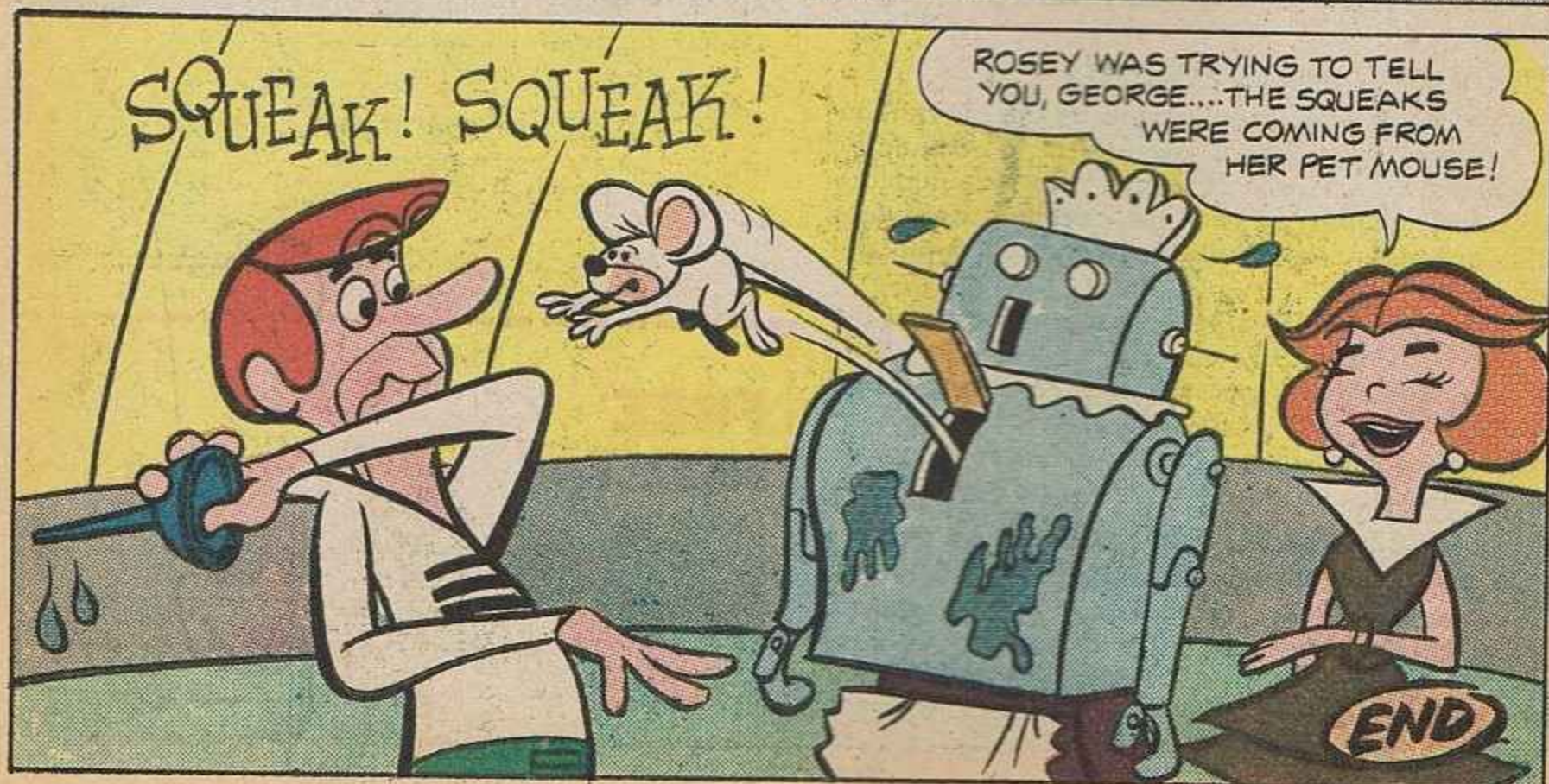
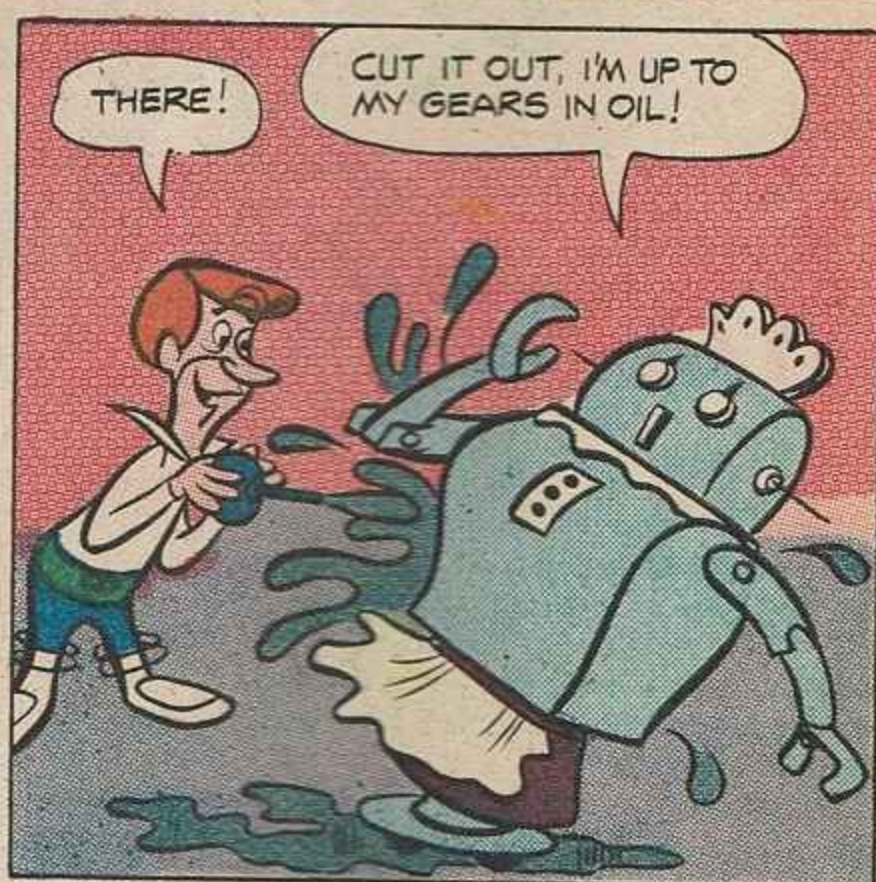
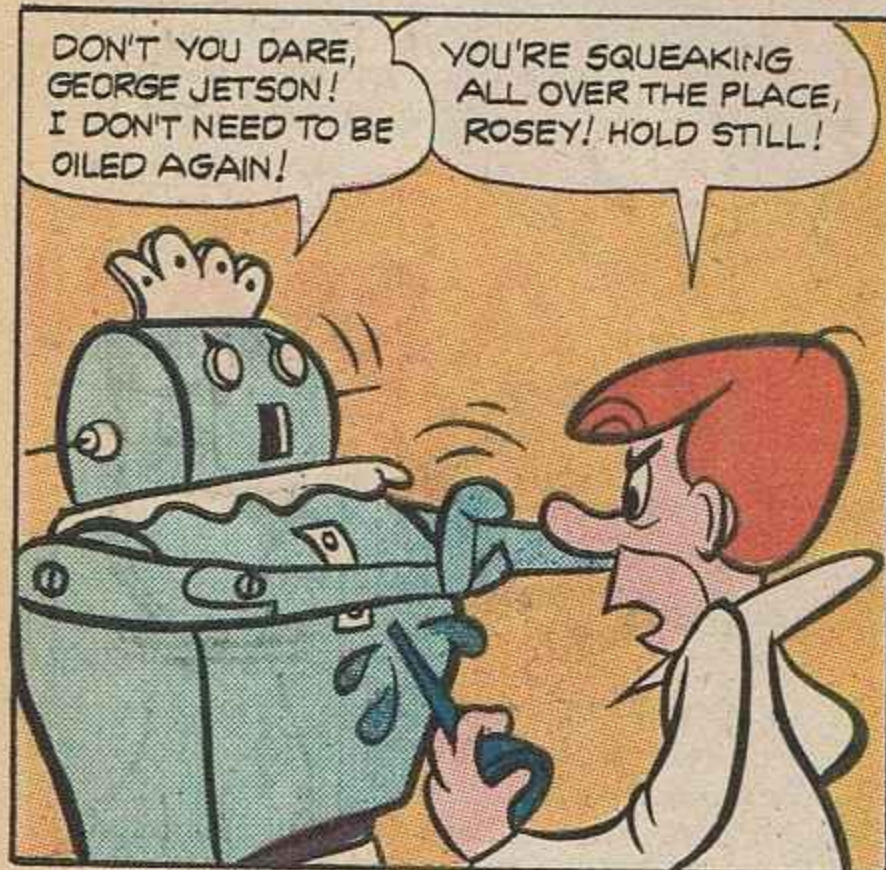
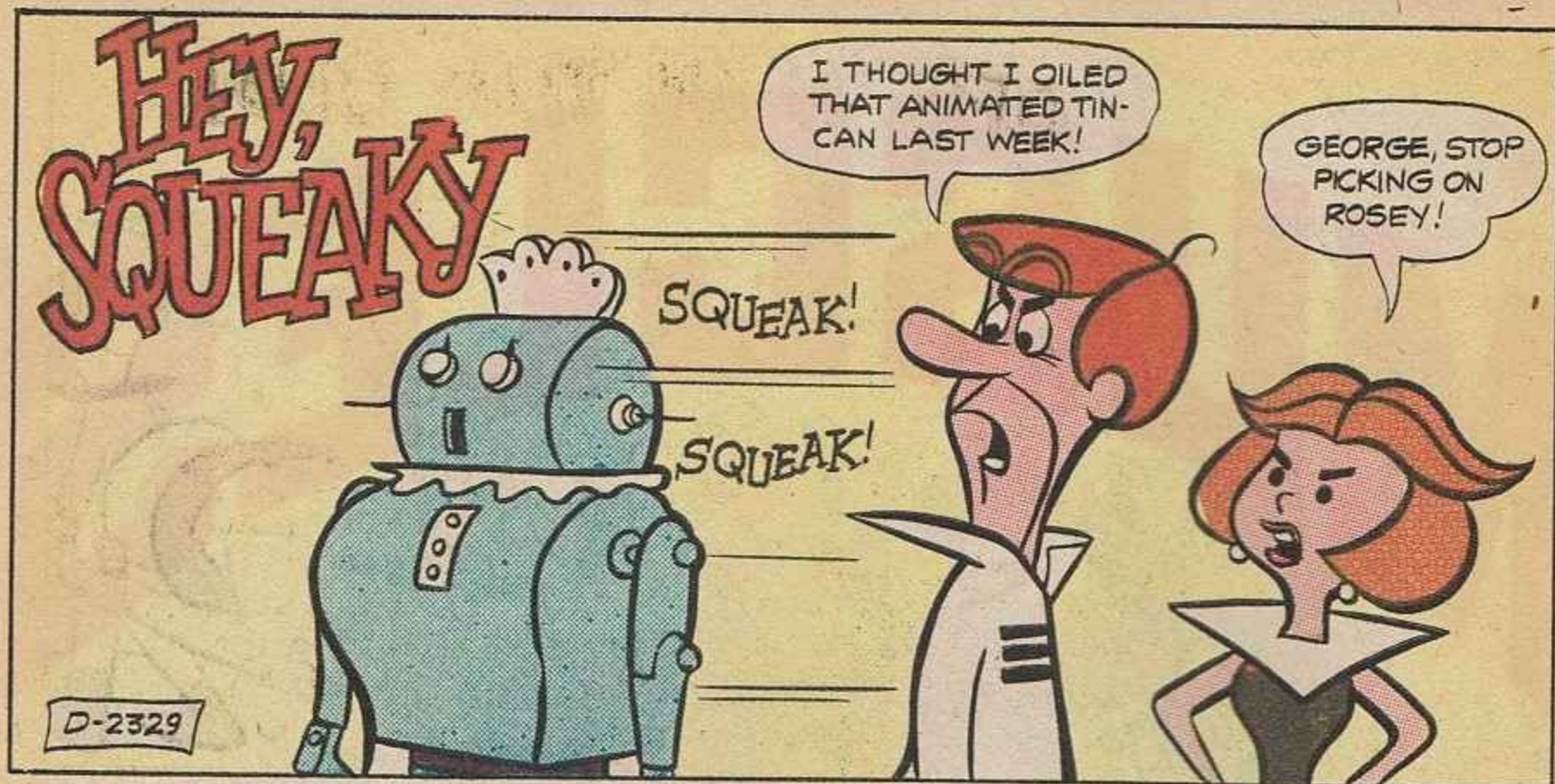


AT THE CIRCUS LOT ON SATURN!







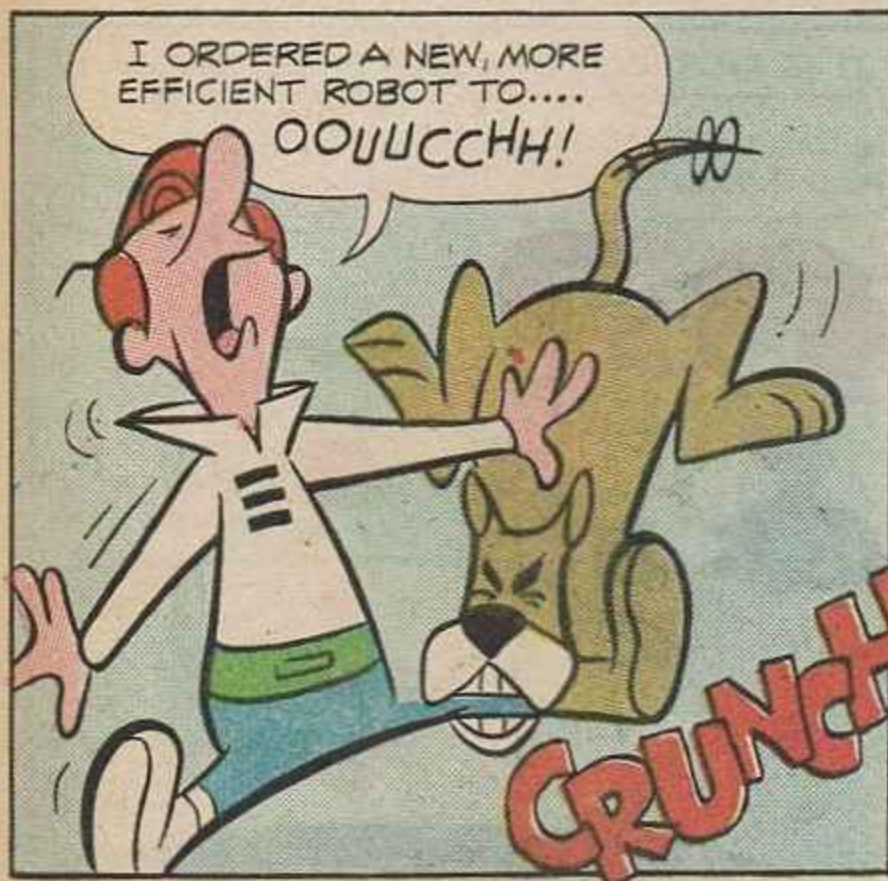


WHAT ARE YOU ALL
CRYING ABOUT? THAT
KINKY ROBOT DIDN'T
DIE.....THEY JUST HIT
THE *OFF* SWITCH AND
THEY'RE TAKING HER
TO THE *JUNKYARD*!

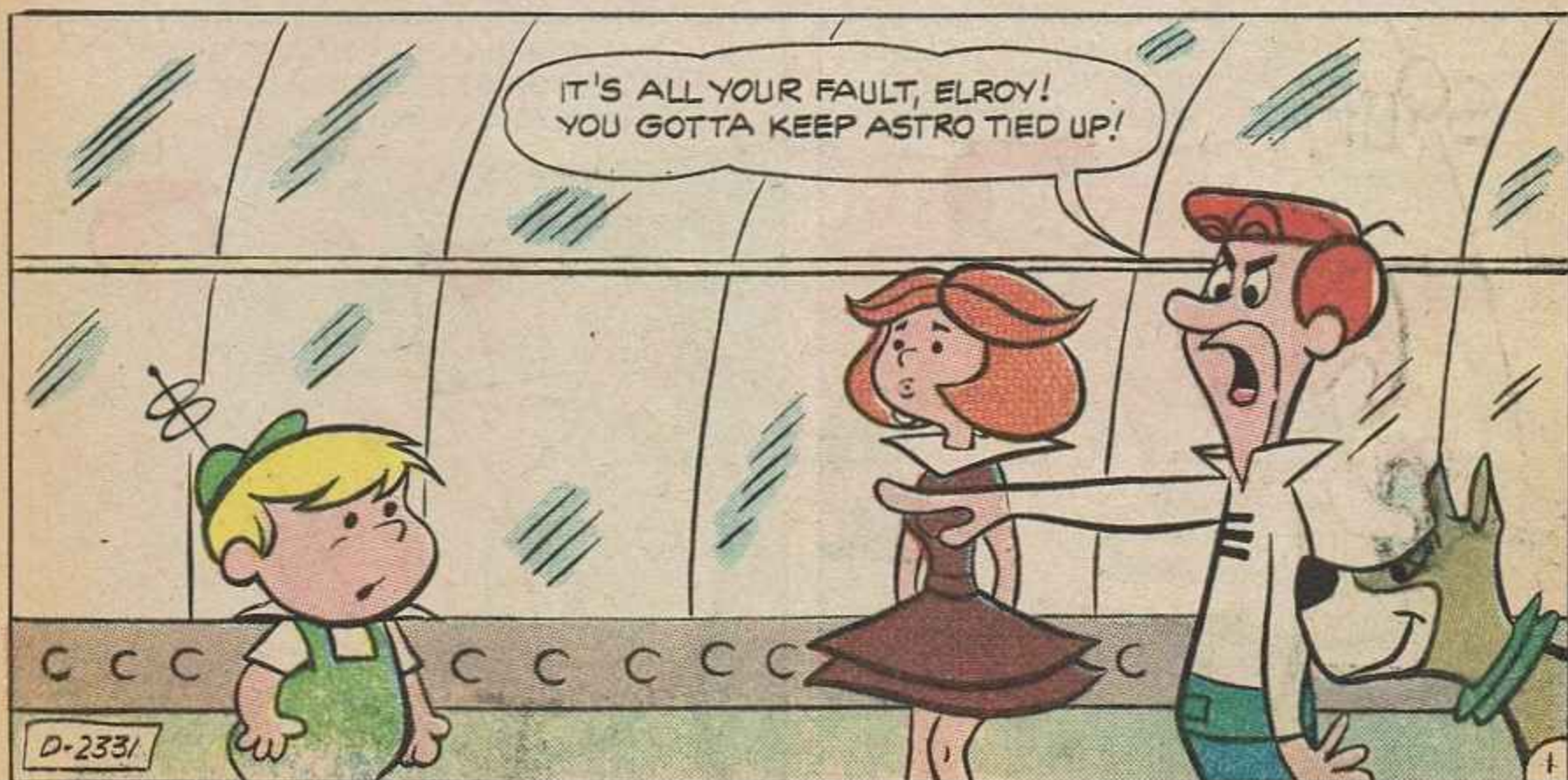
OFF WITH THE OLD!

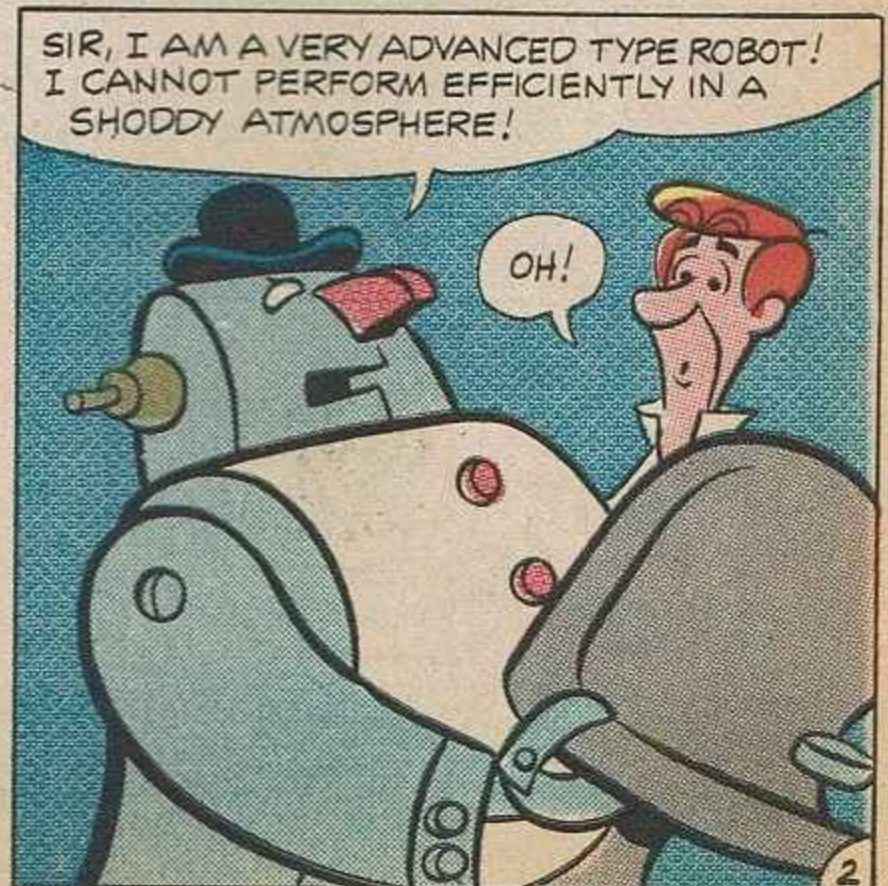
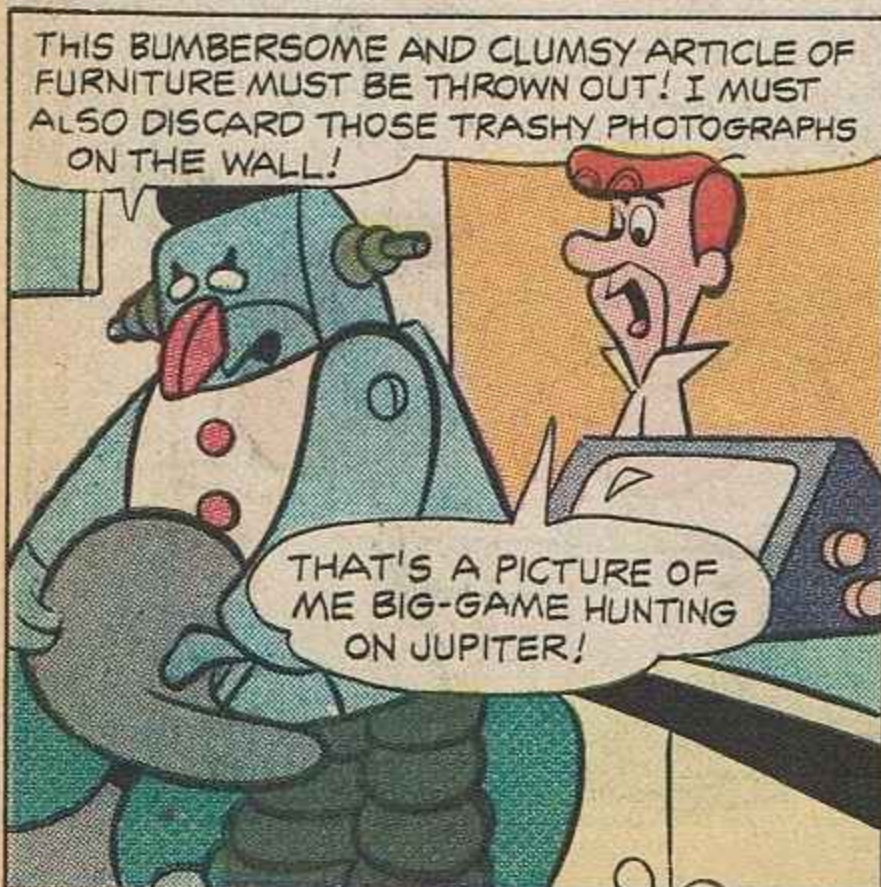
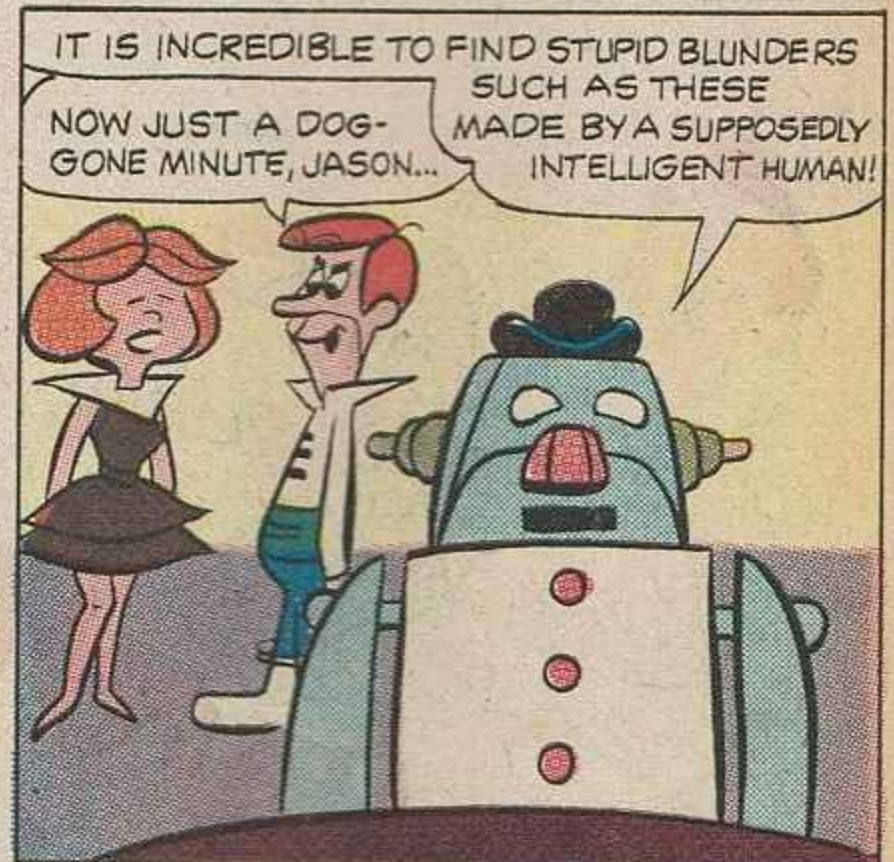
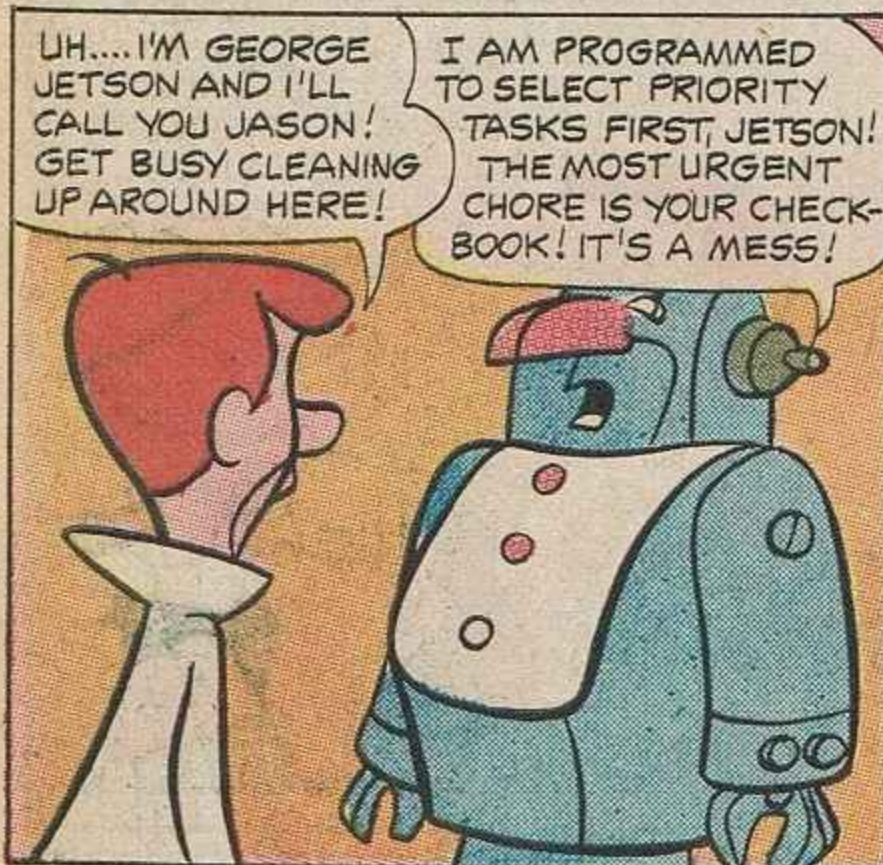
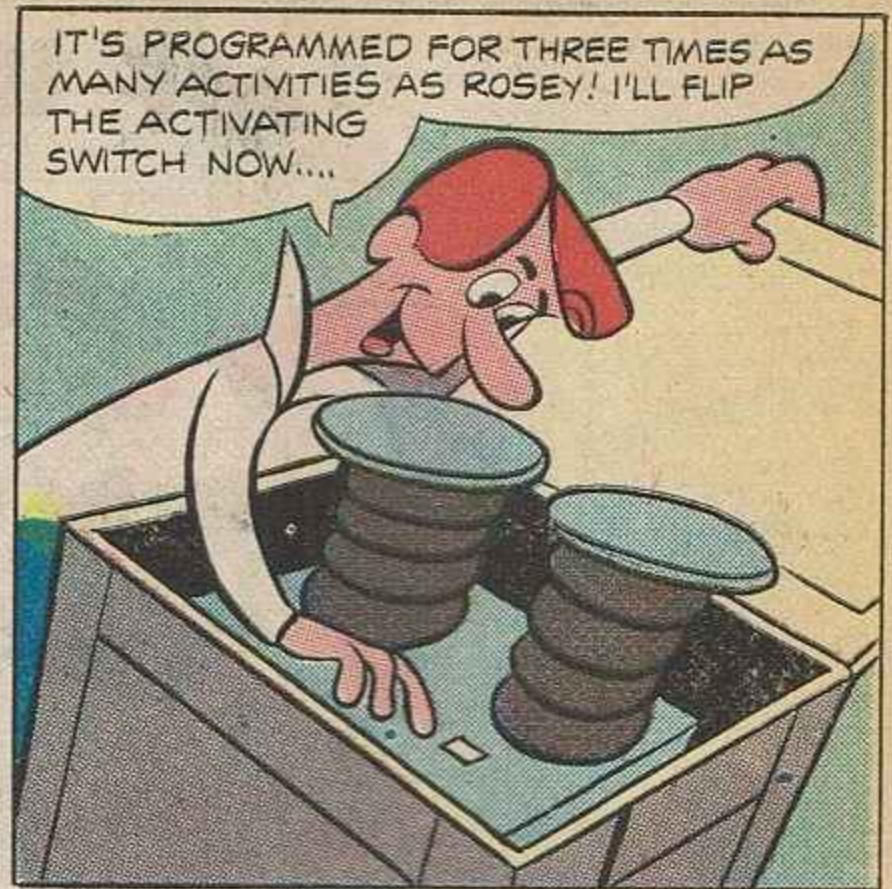
WAAAUUGGHH!

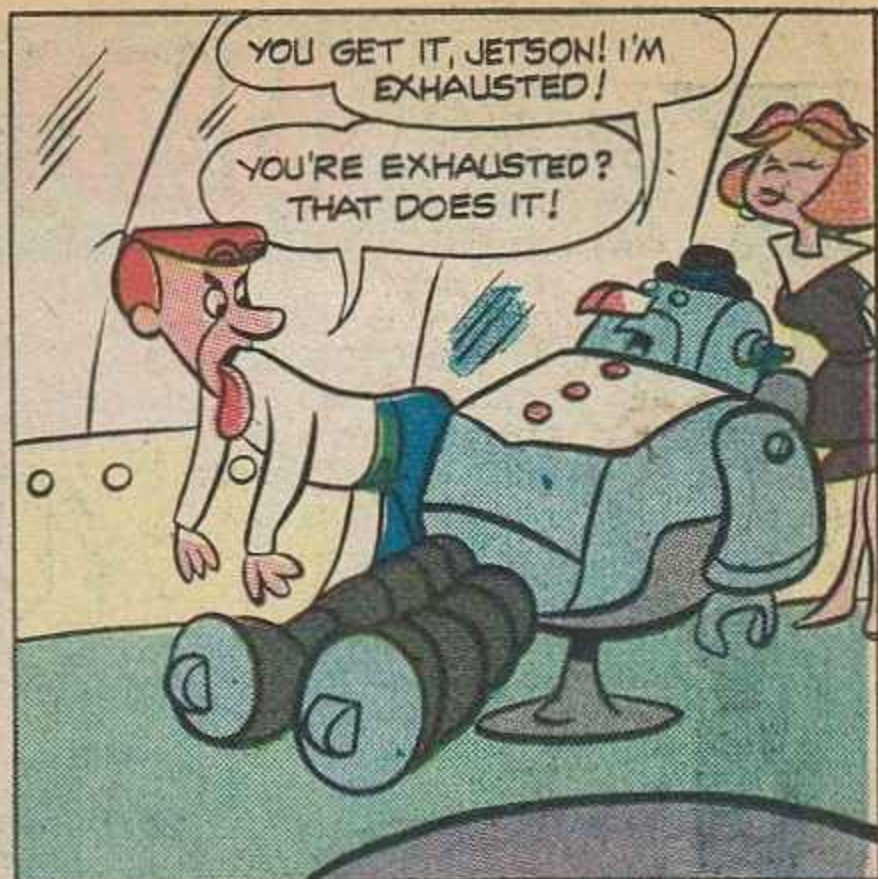
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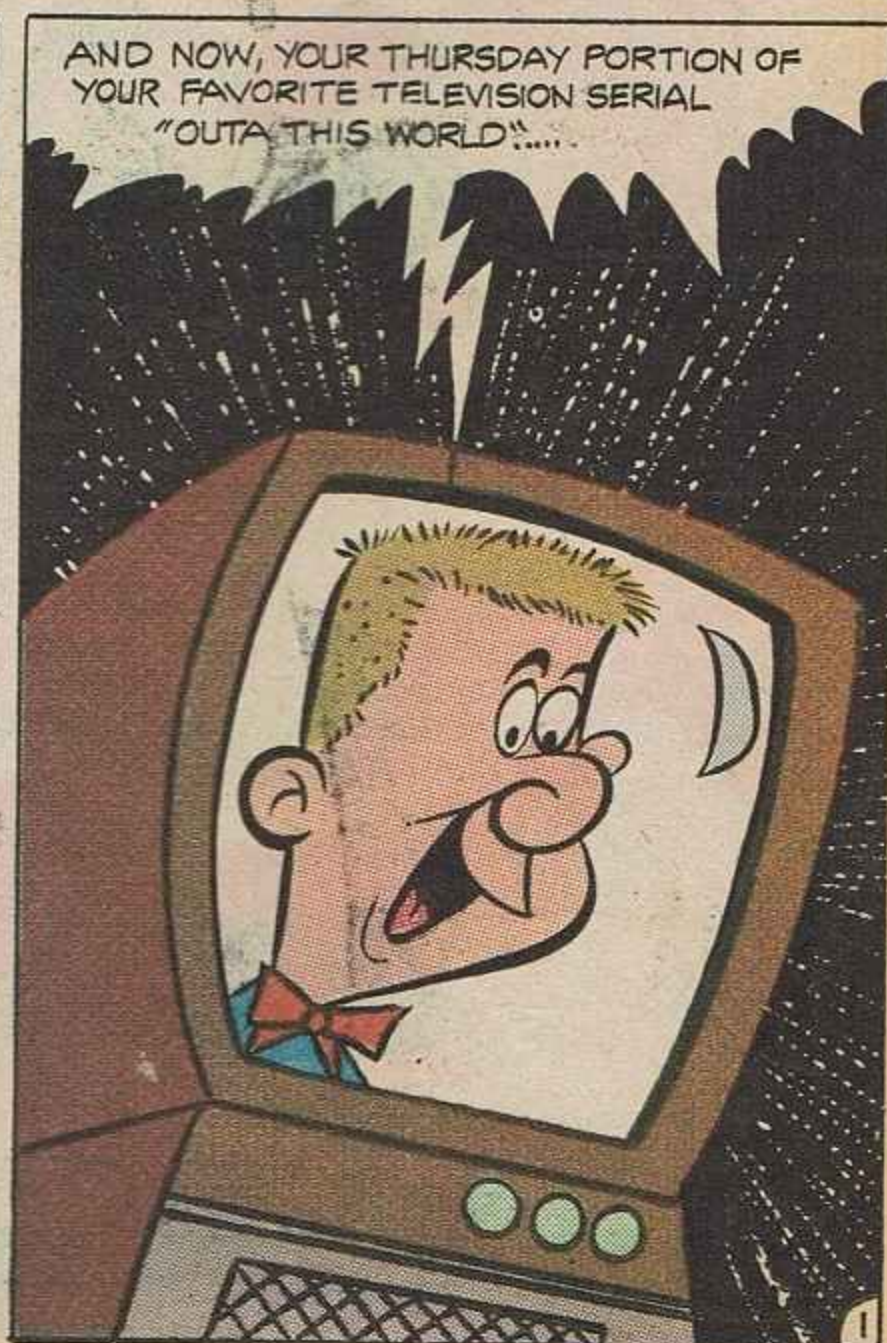
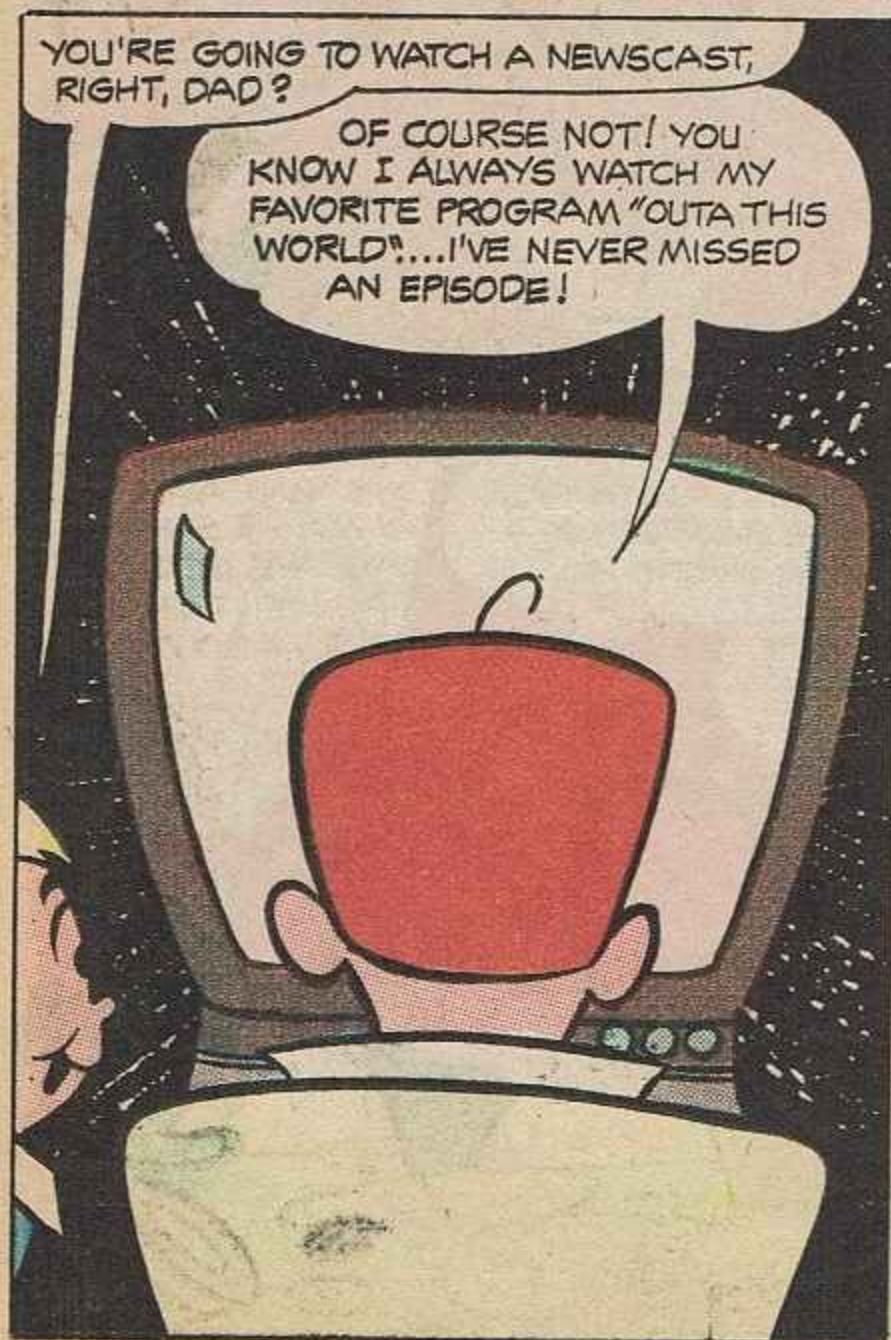
IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, ELROY!
YOU GOTTA KEEP ASTRO TIED UP!

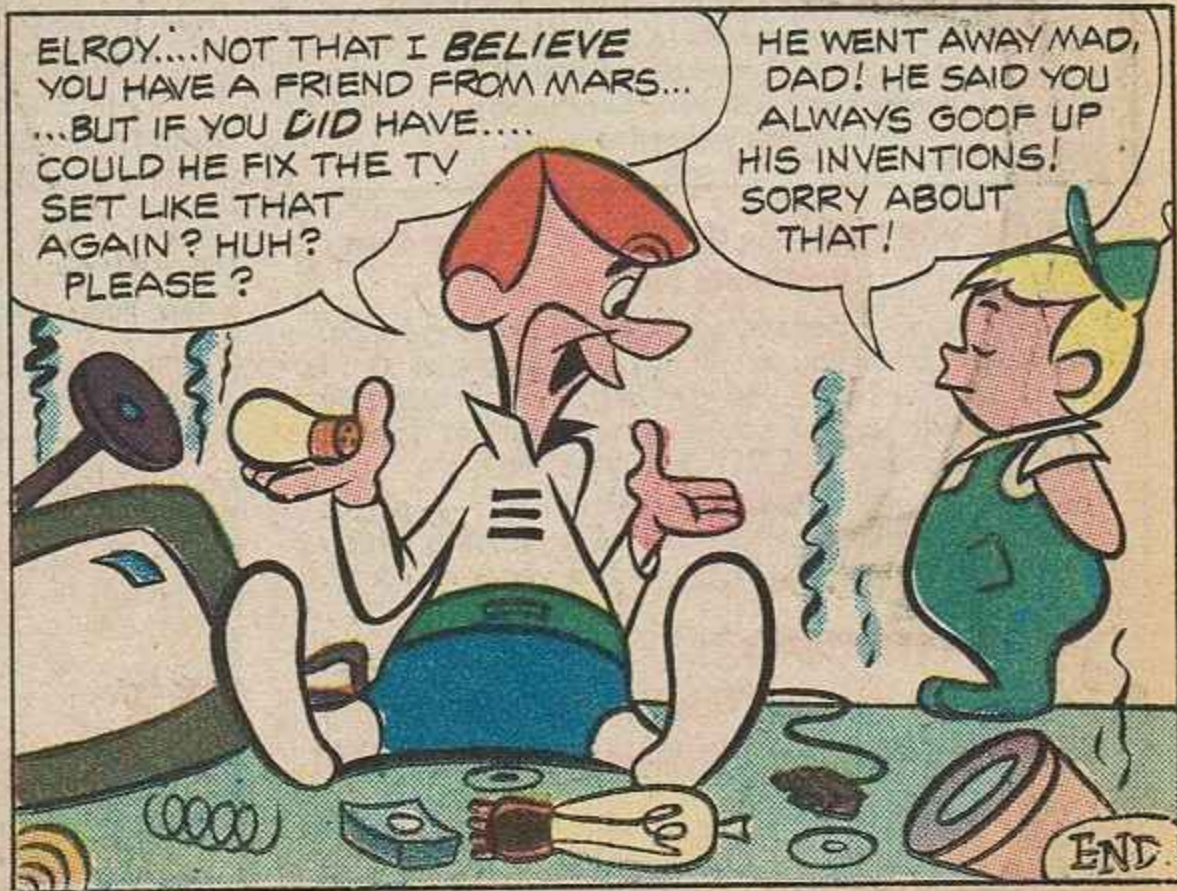
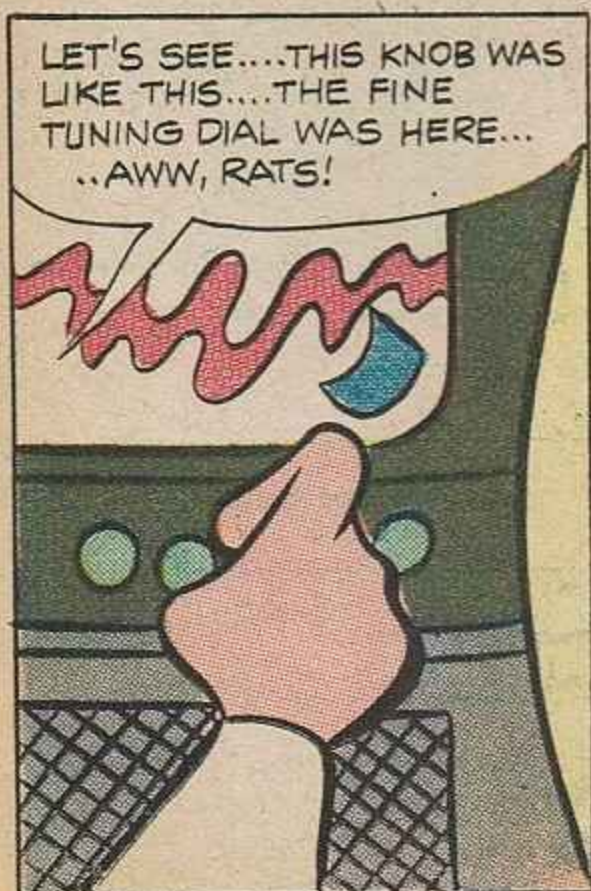
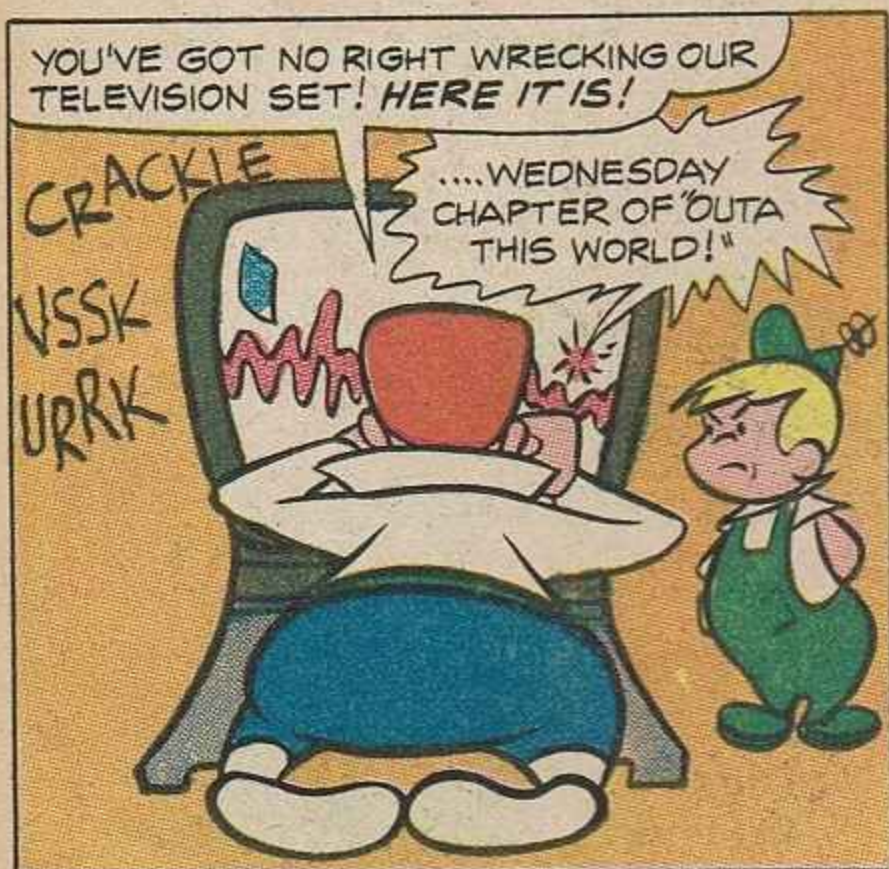






THE JETSONS in OUTA THIS WORLD



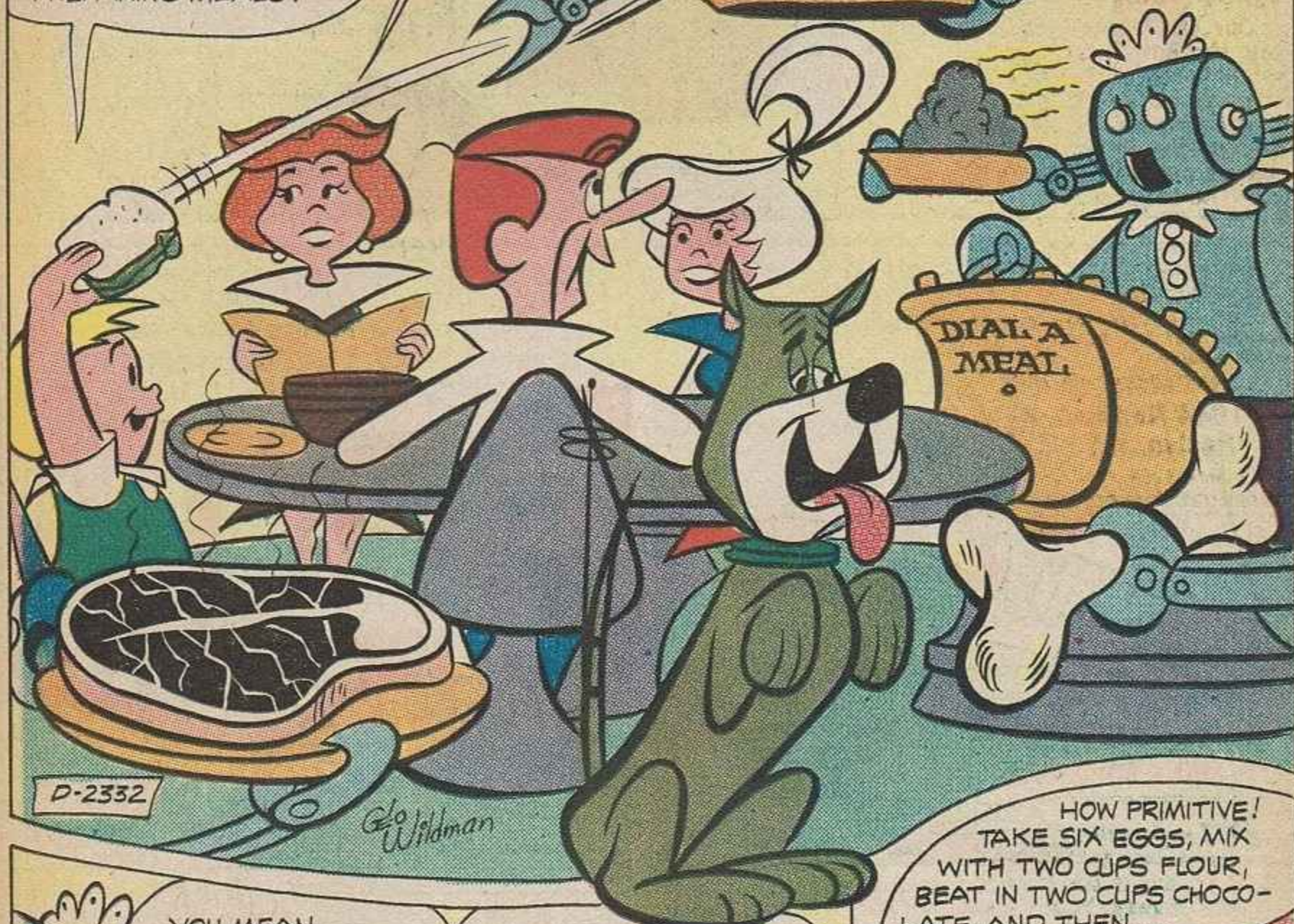


LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE

WAIT FOR DINNER, ELROY....DON'T RUIN YOUR APPETITE WITH PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY!

I'M DIALING A DELICIOUS DINNER TONIGHT, MA'AM!

KNOW WHAT, MOM? I WAS READING IN ANCIENT HISTORY ABOUT THE PRIMITIVE METHODS OF PREPARING MEALS!



YOU MEAN PEOPLE GOT FOOD SOME OTHER WAY, ELROY?

I GOT A BOOK, MOM, FROM THE LIBRARY! IT'S CALLED A RECIPE BOOK! I'LL GET IT FROM MY ROOM!

HOW PRIMITIVE! TAKE SIX EGGS, MIX WITH TWO CUPS FLOUR, BEAT IN TWO CUPS CHOCOLATE, AND THEN....

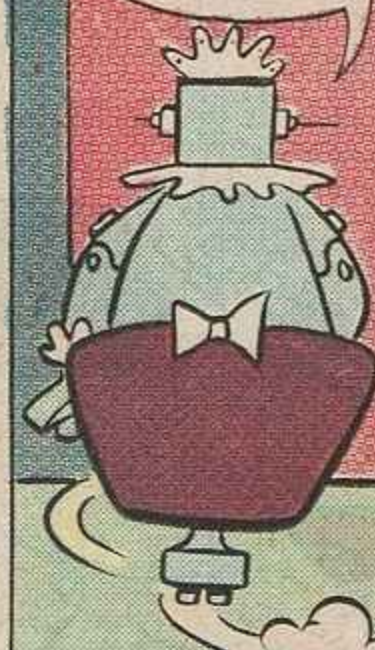
I KNOW WHAT AN EGG IS...I SAW ONE AT THE MUSEUM! WHAT'S FLOWER?...ROSES?...DAISIES?



THAT'S F-L-O-U-R, NOT A KIND OF FLOWERING BLOSSOM! ALL THOSE INGREDIENTS ARE STILL AVAILABLE AT UNUSUAL MATERIALS SUPPLY BUREAU! I'LL BET THAT CHOCOLATE CAKE RECIPE WOULD BE DELICIOUS!



* GLEEP * RIDICULOUS, GEORGE JETSON! NO ONE COULD POSSIBLY MAKE ANYTHING EDIBLE FROM THOSE KOOKIE COOKIE RECIPES!



SAVE YOUR AUDIO TAPE, ROSEY.... GEORGE HAS *THAT* LOOK IN HIS EYE AGAIN!



GOT THAT RECIPE BOOK, ELROY? WE'RE GOING TO SHOW THOSE TWO KITCHEN KUTIES WHAT *REAL* COOKING IS!

WE ARE ?



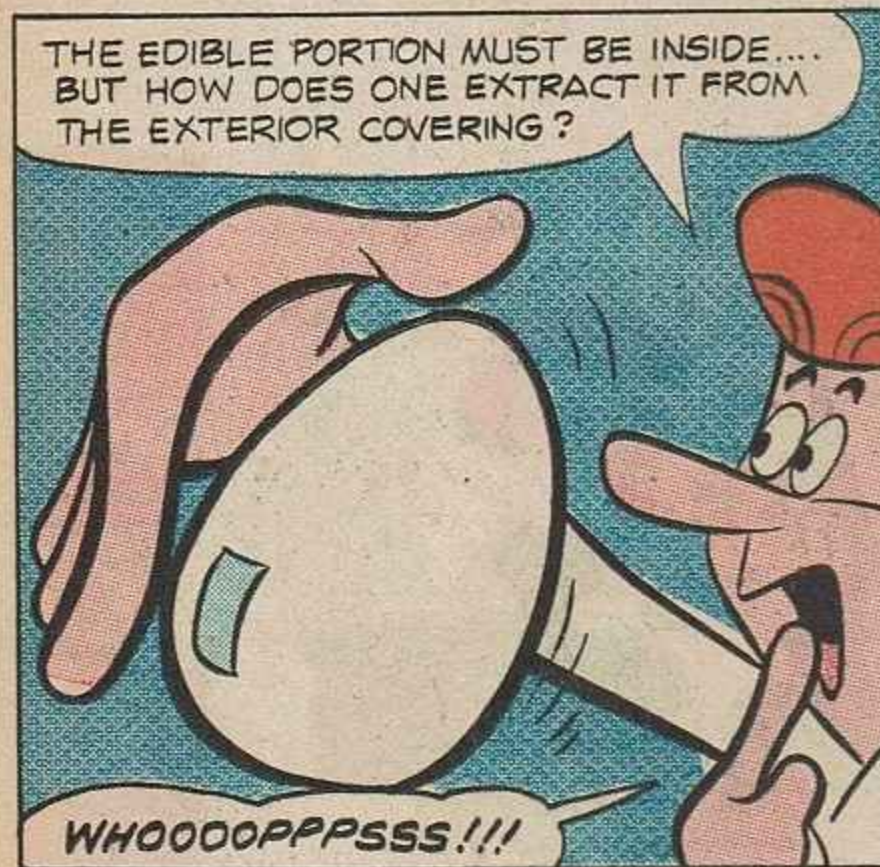
COURAGEOUS CHAPS! THEY'RE GOING TO EXPERIMENT WITH VERY RARE MATERIALS... WHEAT FLOUR, CHOCOLATE SYRUP, REAL CHICKEN EGGS.... IT MUST BE SUPER-SECRET GOVERNMENT RESEARCH!



ROSEY AND YOUR MOTHER ARE OUT, ELROY! THIS IS OUR CHANCE!

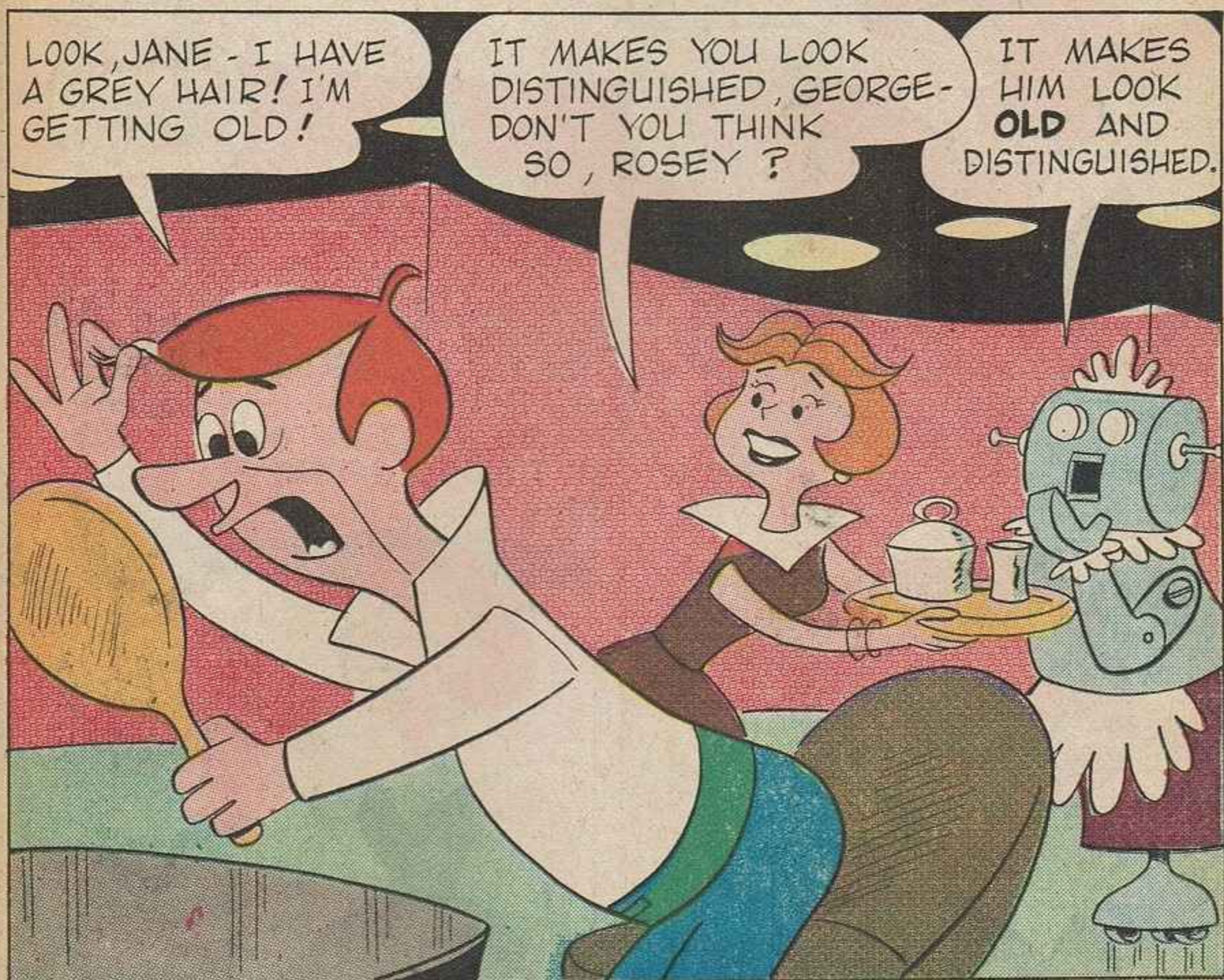
IS THIS GONNA BE A *REAL* CAKE, DAD?

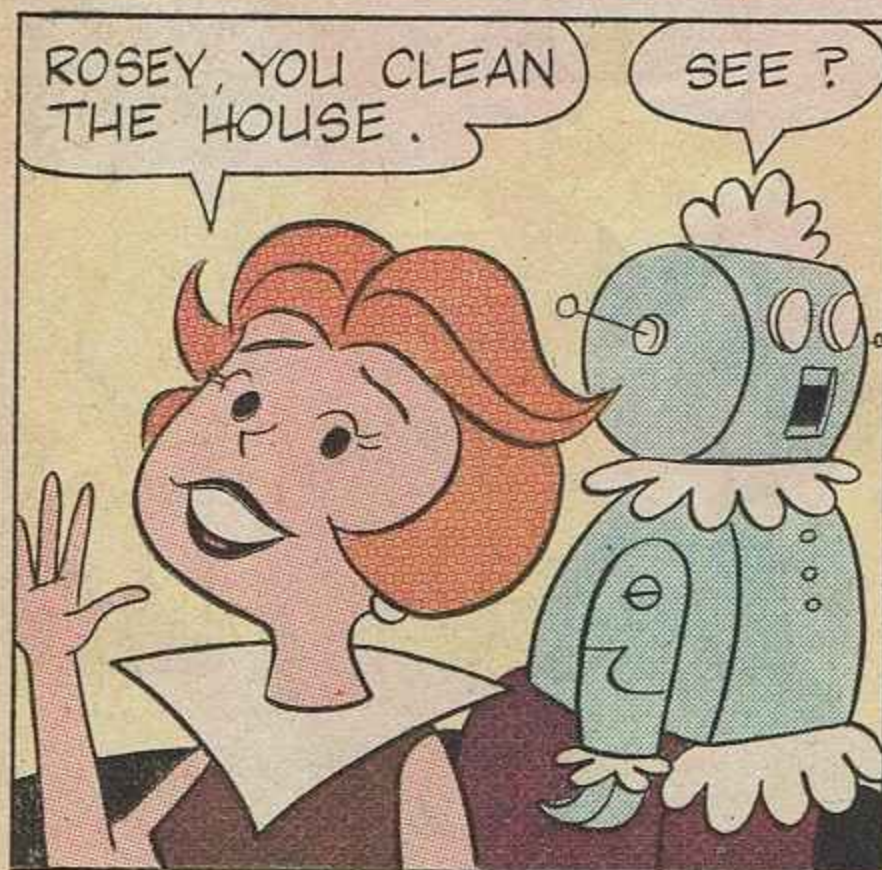




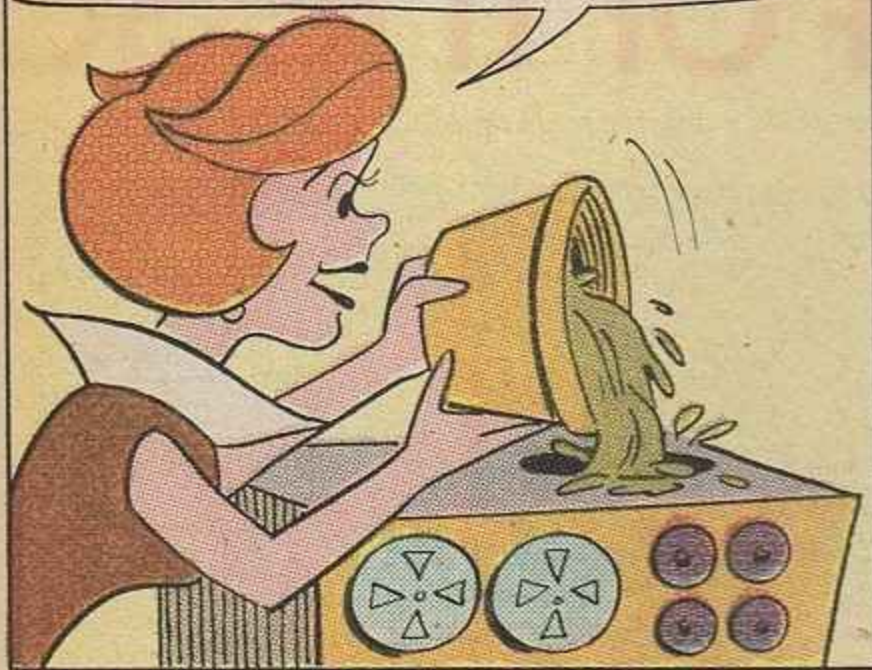


THE JETSONS ⁱⁿ HAPPY BIRTHDAY

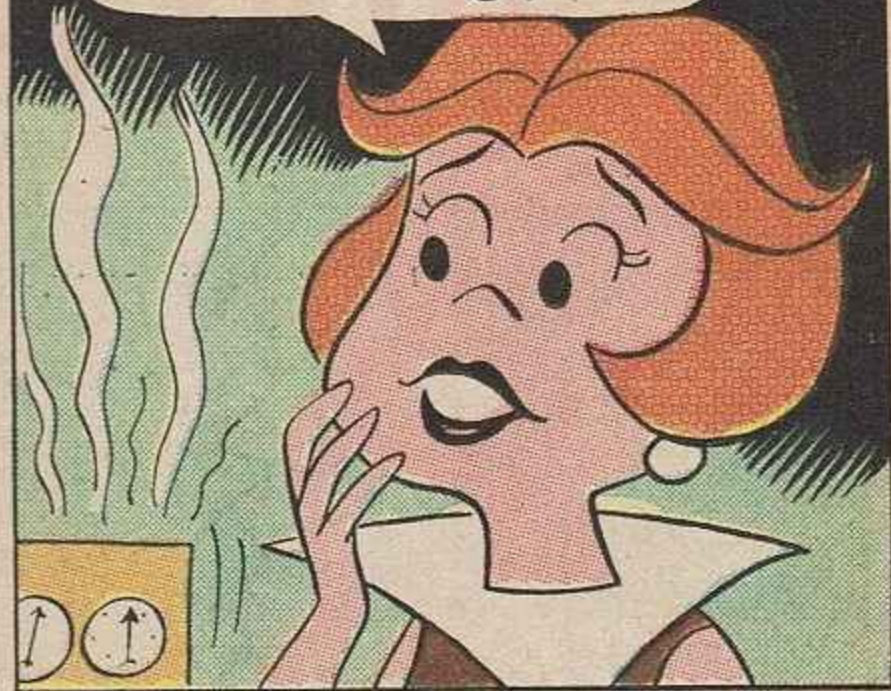




I'LL JUST PUT THE RECIPE
IN THE COMPUTER AND
IT WILL MAKE THE CAKE.



THERE - ONE CAKE WITH
CHOCOLATE FROSTING ...
OH - OH - OH !



WHAT'S THE
MATTER ?

OH, ROSEY-THE
MACHINE'S STUCK !



... A SEPARATE CAKE FOR EACH YEAR -
THAT'S RUBBING IT IN !



BONERS, MOANERS, AND GROANERS!

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, those little kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

This one happened with a kindergarten class. It wasn't my class at all. Mrs. Willis was their teacher. There was an emergency and she had to go home. I had a free period and the principal called me into his office.

"Class 4B2 has gone to the museum with their teacher. That means we have those vacant seats in the assembly hall. Take Mrs. Willis' class there. I am certain the little ones will enjoy the program. But keep them quiet."

How do you keep the little ones quiet when they are each confined to a seat too large? And to tell the truth, they didn't understand what the guest speaker was saying. I did my best. I put my finger on my lips and softly said: "Hush". Who knows how many times I did it? But it seemed to work. Anyway I did get a nice note from the principal thanking me for my effort.

About a week later, one of the little girls in that kindergarten class had her mother come to school. She brought her mother to see me. Then with pride in her voice she stuck out her index finger at me and said:

"He's the new husher in the school. We like him."

I must admit it took a few minutes for what she meant to dawn upon me. Then I told the mother that I had taken the class to the auditorium. Mother had a good laugh at that.

Sometimes the answer teacher gets to a question is rather unique. Take this question, for example:

- What is the difference between the effects of heat and cold?
- Give an illustration.

This was written on the blackboard. Every

student in the class answered part A correctly: "Heat expands certain objects and cold contracts certain objects." And even Louis answered that part correctly. He had the lowest average for class work. Rarely did he pass an examination. But his answer to part B was a gem:

"In the summer time when it is warm the days expand and therefore daytime is longer. In the winter time when it is cold the days contract and therefore daytime is shorter."

Children do the things they do because they are children. Though sometimes adults do the same things. However, teacher must always remember that kids are kids. We had yard period. Classes 5A1, 5A6, 5A8, and 5A12 were there. Some children were playing handball. Others were just throwing balls to each other. Now it was evident that Jimmy was bored. He wanted something to do. And perhaps even wanted some excitement. He pointed his index finger to the sky.

"Look up there! There's a flying saucer. See it? I can."

With a little imagination, children can see almost anything that they want to see. Jimmy retired to a corner of the yard and sat down with his back against the wall. He knew he had started something. Soon a small group of students were looking up towards the sky. And pointing to "things". But somehow "what was up in the sky" sort of changed. As one student spoke to another. One flying saucer became five flying saucers. Then five flying saucers became ten American pursuit planes. And then those American pursuit planes became something else. Then Peter ran over to Jimmy. He was all excited.

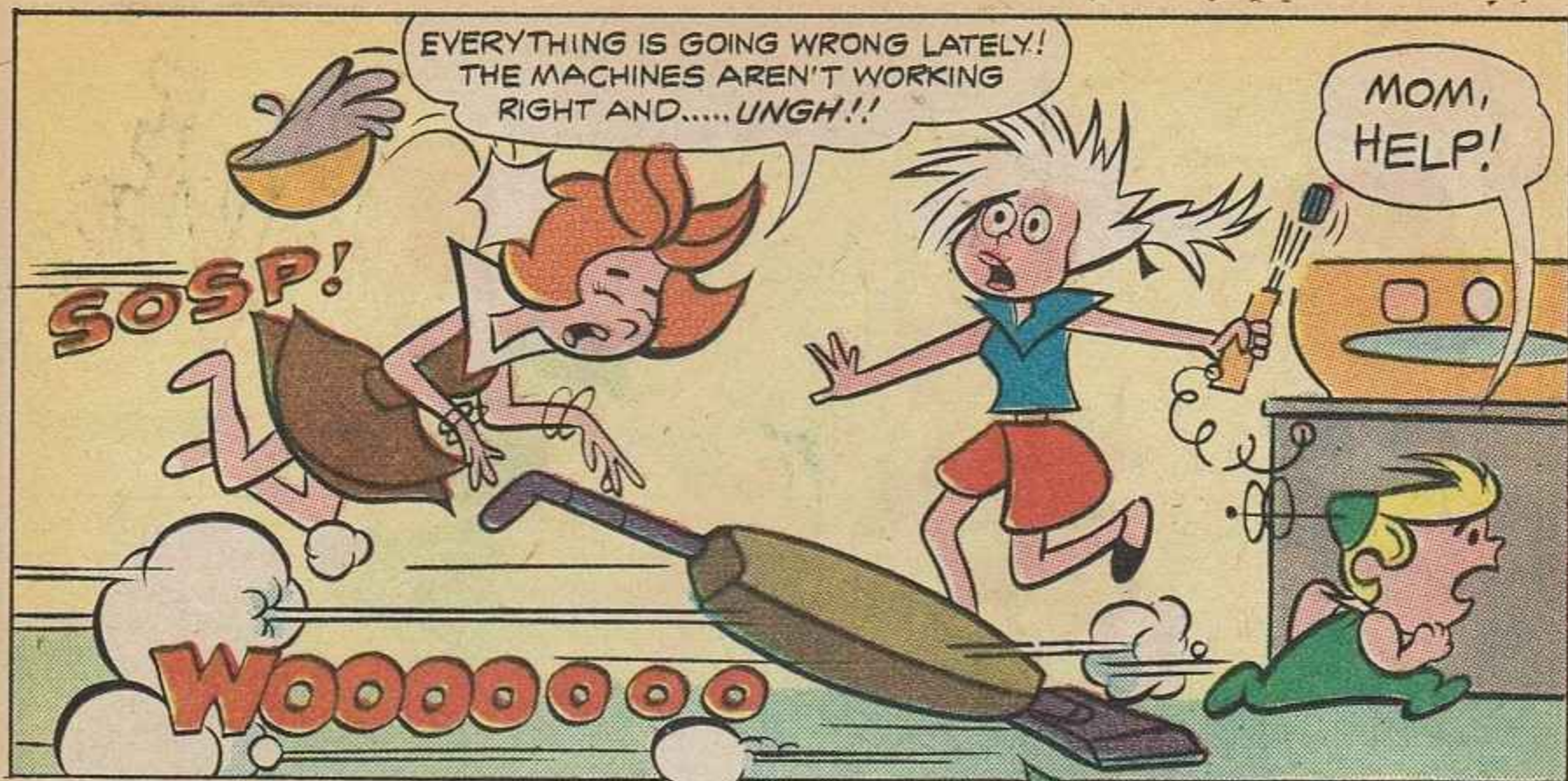
"There's a bunch of Russian spy planes in the sky. Maybe they are on the way to bomb Washington. Want to see them?"

Know something? Jimmy jumped right up from the ground. Then he ran over to where the other students were gathered. And he stretched his neck to look for the enemy planes.

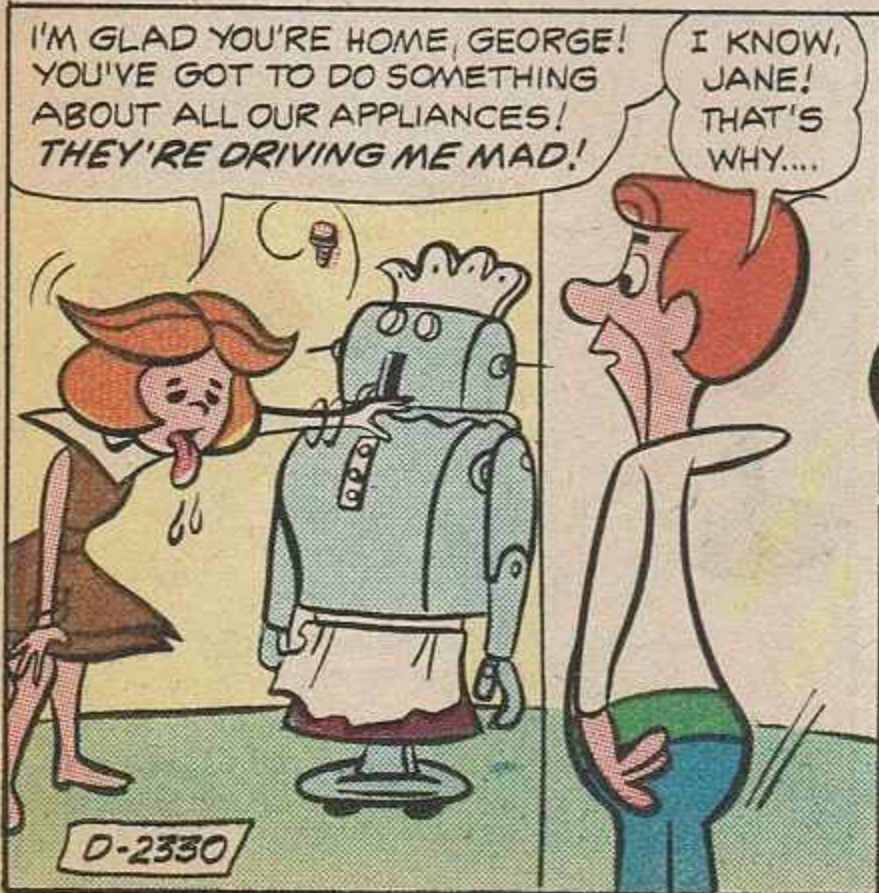
"Where? Where? Show them to me," he demanded with excitement in his voice.

"Gee, they have already gone," said Victor. "Too late. You should have hurried over."

Poor Jimmy felt terrible that he missed those planes. He never realized the rumor he had started had returned to him and he didn't recognize it. More next time about what happens in class.



BACK TO NATURE



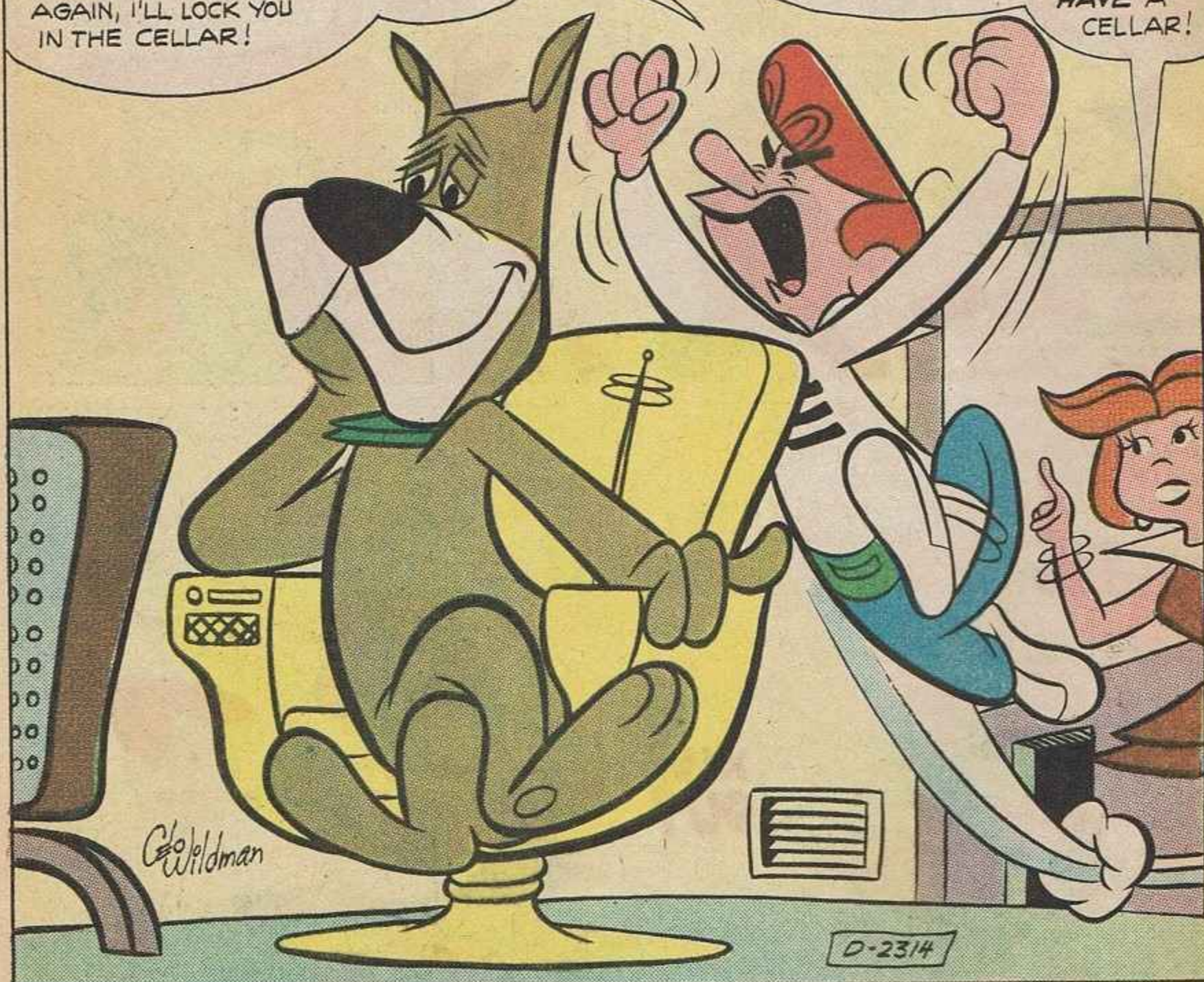




BOW WOW! AR-ROOF! YELP! WOOF! ARF! BOW WOW! WOOF! GRR!
 GRR! **THE JETSONS in a DOG'S LIFE?** ARF! GRR!
 ARF! GRR-RR! BARK! ARF ARF! YELP! WOOF! WOOF! OW-OOOOO!! GRR!

GET OUT OF MY CHAIR, YOU OVERGROWN FLEA BAG! IF I CATCH YOU IN IT AGAIN, I'LL LOCK YOU IN THE CELLAR!

DON'T BE MEAN TO ASTRO, GEORGE... BESIDES WE **DON'T** HAVE A CELLAR!



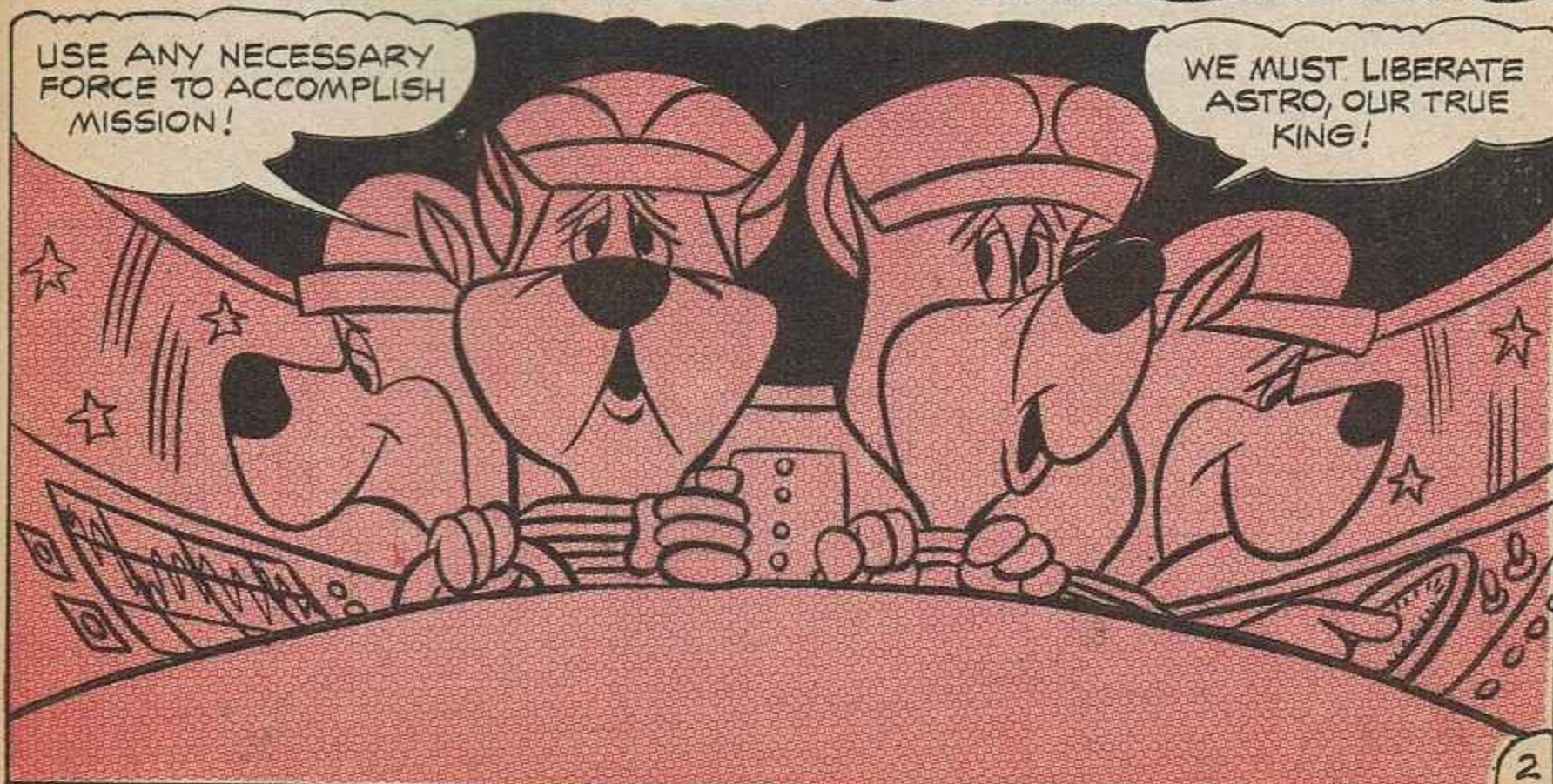
GRR!

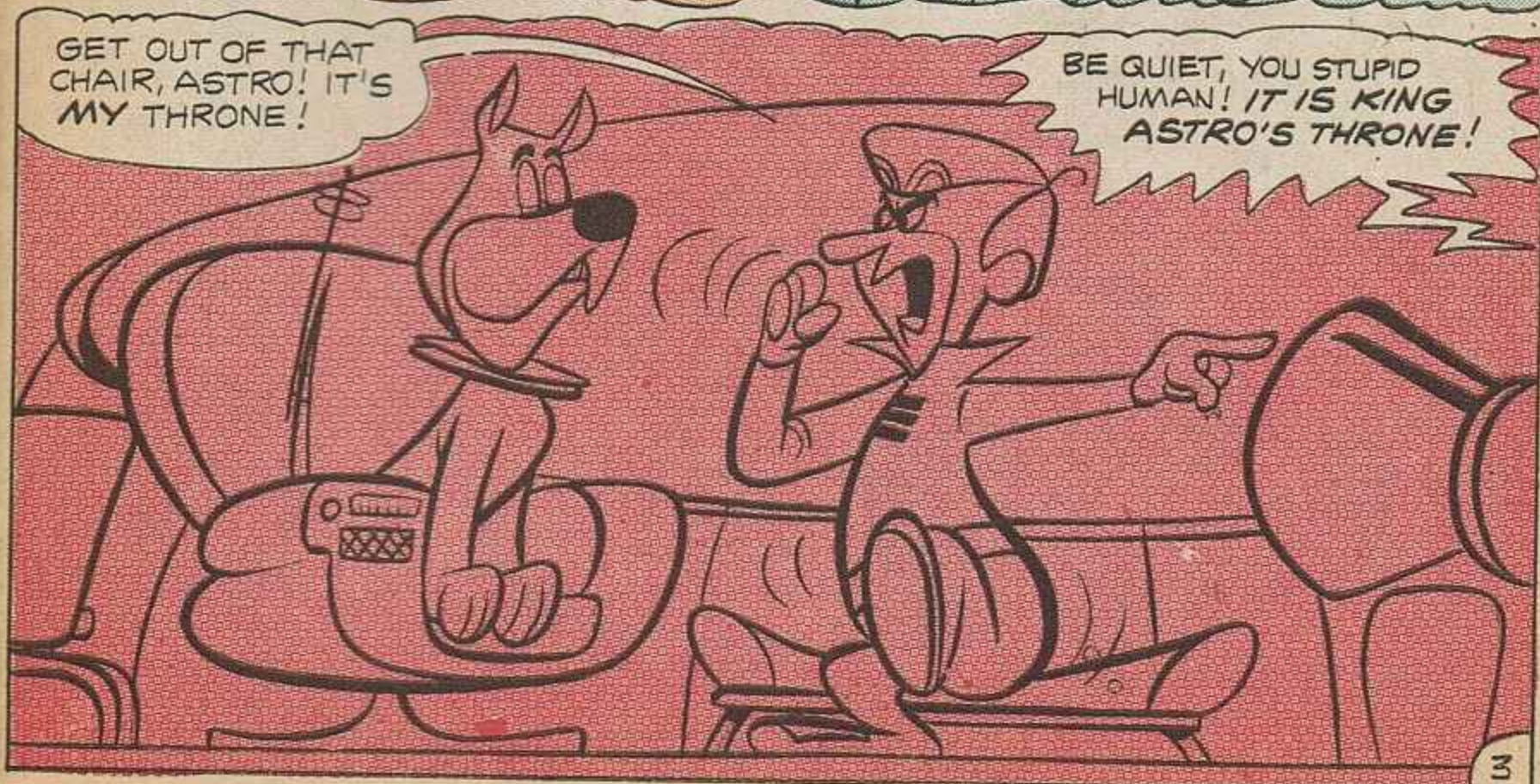
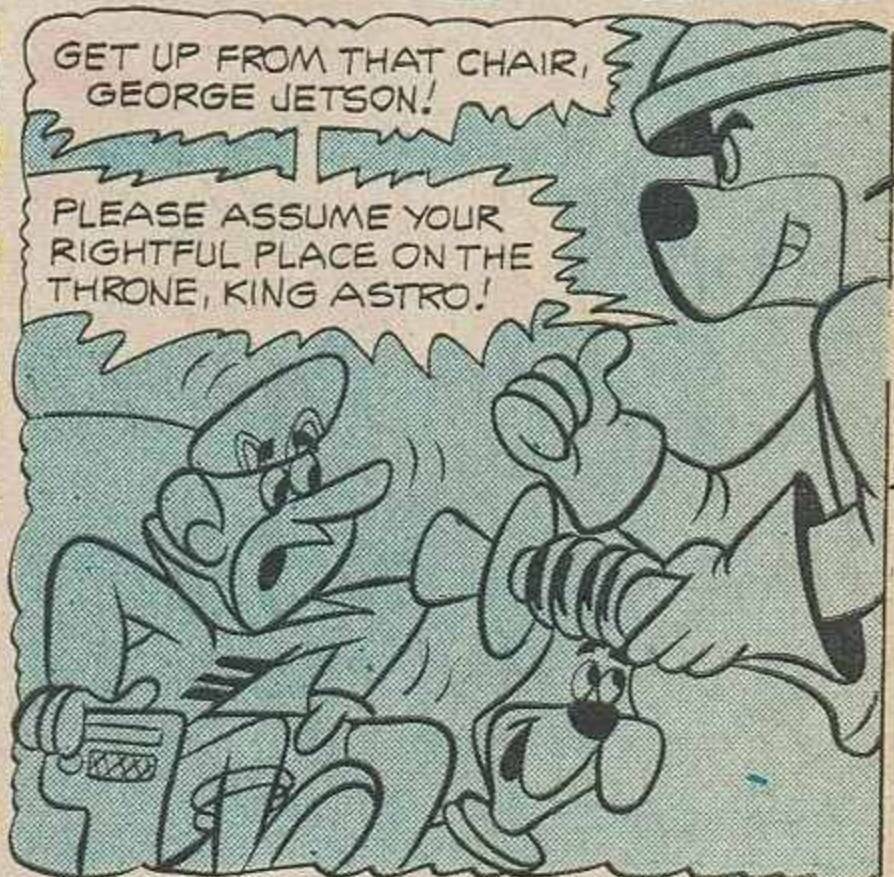
DON'T GROWL AT ME, YOU ANIMATED GARBAGE PAIL! GET OUT OF MY CHAIR!

HONESTLY, GEORGE, YOU AND ASTRO ARE ALWAYS SQUABBLING!

HE STARTED IT, JANE! HE KNOWS VERY WELL THIS IS MY CHAIR!







I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT
FUNKY RAY GUN! THAT'S
MY CHAIR AND I'M GONNA
SIT IN IT!

NO, YOU'RE NOT,
GEORGE JETSON!

GEORGE, MUST YOU BE SO
NOISY! GEORGE, STOP THAT
THIS MINUTE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL ME TO TAKE MY
CHAIR!

GEORGE,
WAKE UP!
WHY DO YOU
TWO ALWAYS
FIGHT OVER
THAT SILLY
CHAIR?

OH, YEAH? IT'S
MINE!

GRRRRRR!!

RELAX,
BOYS....I'M
GOING TO
FIX
EVERYTHING!

THERE!
ISN'T
THAT
BETTER?

IT'S MY
CHAIR! I'M
STILL THE
KING IN THIS
CASTLE!

END